



HALF A CHANCE

By Frederic S. Isham,

Author of "The Strollers," "Under the Rose," "The Lady of the Mount," Etc.

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In patience? So while he smoked in the cab he talked it over.

"Well?" John Steele said shortly. "And the upshot of it all was?"

"She suggested my going to Lord Ronsdale."

"To invoke his assistance, perhaps?" Steele once more laughed. "As an old friend?" Captain Forsythe started to speak. The other went on, "Well, we'll keep his secret as long as he keeps his compact."

"But?"

"I promised. What does it matter? Sir Charles may be disappointed at not being able to bring about— But for her sake—that is the main consideration."

"And you, the question of your innocence—to her?" Forsythe looked at him narrowly, smiled slightly to himself.

"Is—inconsequential! The main point is—the Frisco Pet is dead. Gillett won't speak. You won't. Lord Ronsdale can't. Another to whom I am about to tell the story will, I am sure, be equally silent."

"Another?"

John Steele smiled. "Can you think of no one to whom I am bound to tell the truth, the whole truth? Who extended me his hand in friendship, invited me to his home? Of course it would be easier to go without speaking. It is rather difficult to own that one has accepted a man's hospitality, stepped beneath his roof and sat at his board as not to mind words—an impostor. I could have delegated you—to tell him all, but that wouldn't do. It is probably a part of the old, old debt, but I must meet him face to face. So I have sent for—"

A bell rang. A servant opened the door of the library. Sir Charles Wray walked in.

Below, in the cab, Jocelyn waited. Her pale face expressed restlessness. She held in her hand a bit of crumpled paper. It was John Steele's note to Sir Charles asking him to call, stating nothing beyond a mere perfunctory request to that end, giving no reason for his wish to see him.

"Can you drop in at my chambers for a few minutes?" John Steele had written. "A few minutes." The blue eyes shone with impatience. He was leaving London, Captain Forsythe had informed her, and she concluded, he wanted to see her uncle before he left.

But not her. No. She had driven there, however, with Sir Charles on some light pretext—for want of something better to do—to be out in the air—

"I'll wait here in the cab," she had said to her uncle when he had left it before John Steele's dwelling. "At least," meeting the puzzled gaze that had rested on her more than once lately, "I may or may not wait. If I get tired, if when you come back you don't find me, just conclude," capriciously, "I have gone on some little errand of my own—shopping, perhaps."

She recalled these words now, found it intolerable to sit still. Abruptly she rose and stepped from the cab.

She half started to move away, looked toward the house. Brass plates variously disposed around the entrance and appearing nearly all alike as to form and size stared at her. One metal sign a shock headed had been removed—"John Steele." She read the plain, modest letters, the inscription "Barrister" beneath. She caught her breath slightly.

"Uncle is certainly very long," she repeated mechanically.

"Why don't you go in and see wot's detaining of him?" vouchsafed the cabby in amicable fashion as he regarded the hesitating, slender figure.

"Third floor to the right, miss," said the boy, occupied in removing the sign and stepping aside as he spoke to allow her to pass. "If it's Mr. Steele's office you're looking for. You'll see 'Barrister' in brass letters, as I said to the old gentleman. I haven't got at them yet—to take them down, I mean."

"Thank you," she said irresolutely and without intending to enter found herself within the hall. There a narrow stairway lay before her. He pointed to it, with an excess of juvenile solicitude and politeness, boyhood's involuntary tribute to youth and beauty in need of assistance. He told her to go on "straight up."

And she did unreasoningly, mechanically—one flight, two flights!

Near his door! About to turn, to retrace her steps, an illogical sequence to the illogical action that had preceded it, she was held to the spot by the door suddenly opening. A man—a servant, broom in hand—who had evidently been engaged in cleaning one of the chambers within was stepping out.

"You wished to see Mr. Steele?" The proud head nodded affirmatively to the inquiry.

"Well, you can be stepping into the library, miss," said the man. "Mr. Steele is engaged just now."

Jocelyn on the instant found no reason for refusing. The door closed behind her, and she looked around. She stood in a library alone. Beyond, in another chamber, she heard voices—her uncle's, John Steele's.

CHAPTER XVII.

THOSE boxes contained books—yours, Sir Charles," were the first words the girl caught. "Mine! Bless my soul!"

her uncle's surprised voice broke in. "You don't mean to tell me that all those volumes I had boxed for Australia and which I thought lost on the Lord Nelson came ashore on your little coral isle?"

Came ashore on his coral isle! The girl caught at the words. Of course he had been saved—he who had saved her from the wild sea. She had realized that after their last meeting at Strathorn House. But how?

"Exactly!" said John Steele succinctly.

"Bless my soul!" Sir Charles' amazed voice could only repeat. "I remember most of those books well—a brave array—poets, philosophers, lawmakers! Then that accounts for your— It is like a fairy tale."

"A fairy tale!" Jocelyn Wray gazed around her at books, books on every side. She regarded the door leading out, was half-impulsive to go, but heard the manservant in the hall and lingered.

"Nothing so pleasant, I assure you," John Steele answered Sir Charles shortly. Then, with a few words, he painted a picture uncompromisingly. The girl shrank back. Perhaps she wished she had not come. This, truly, was no fairy tale, but a wild, savage drama, primeval, the picture of a soul battling with itself on the little, lonely isle. She could see the hot, angry sun, feel its scorching rays, hear the hissing of the waves. All the man's strength for good, for ill, went into the story. The isle became as the pit of Acheron.

"When the man woke," he had said, "he cursed the sea for bringing him, as he thought, nothing. One desire tormented him. It became intolerable. Day after day he went down to the ocean, but the surf only leaped in derision. For the thousandth time he cursed it, the isle to which he was bound. Weeks passed, until, almost mad through the monotony of the long hours, one day he inadvertently picked up a book. The brute convict could just read. Where, how he ever learned, I forget. He began to pick out the words. After that—"

Through the long months, the long years, the man had fought for knowledge as he had always fought for anything—with all his strength, passion, energy.

"Incredible! By Jove!" She heard Sir Charles' voice, awed and admiring. "I am glad to have had your confidence and—tell me, how did you happen to light on the law for special study and preparation?"

"You forget that about half your superb library was law books, Sir Charles. A most comprehensive collection!"

"The law—the ramifications it creates for the many, the attendant restraints for the individual—I confess interested me. You can imagine a personal reason or—an abstract one. From the lonely perspective of a tiny coral isle, a system or systems—codes of conduct or morals built up for the swarming millions, so to speak—could not but possess fascination for one to whom those millions had become only as the faraway shadows of a dream."

"As a boy?" John Steele repeated the words almost mechanically. "My parents died when I was a child. They came of good stock—New England." He uttered the last part of the sentence involuntarily—stopped. "I was bound out, was beaten. I fought, ran away. In lumber camps, the drunken raffish cursed the new scrub boy, on the Mississippi the sailors and stevedores kicked him because the mate kicked them. Everywhere it was the same. The boy learned only one thing—to fight. Fight or be beaten!"

"In a worldly sense I prospered after I was rescued—in New Zealand, in Tasmania. Fate, as if to atone for having delayed her favors, now lavished them freely. Work became easy. A mine or two that I was lucky enough to locate yielded and continued to yield unexpected returns."

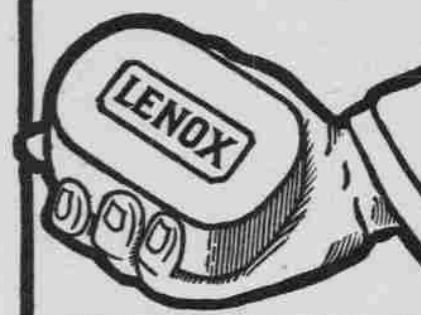
"And then, having fairly, through your own efforts, won a place in the world, having conquered fortune, why did you return to England knowing the risk that some one of these fellows like Gillett, the police agent, might—"

"Lenox - of course."

That is what most women say when the grocer asks them what kind of laundry soap they want.

It isn't surprising.

Lenox is not a new soap. It is not an experiment. The price is low. The quality is high. The shape is convenient. Best of all, Lenox Soap does the work it is intended to do.



Lenox Soap—
"Just fits the hand"

"Why," said John Steele, "because I wished to sift, to get to the very bottom of this crime for which I was convicted. For all real wrongdoing, against officialdom, I had paid the penalty in full, I believe. But this other matter—that was different. It weighed on me through those years on the island and afterward. A jury had convicted me wrongfully. But I had to prove it, to satisfy myself, to find out beyond any shadow of a doubt, and—"

"He did." For the first time Captain Forsythe spoke. "Steele has in his possession full proofs of his innocence, and I have seen them. They go to show that he suffered through the cowardice of a miserable cad, a titled scoundrel who struck his hand from the gunwale of the boat when the Lord Nelson went down. Yes, you told that story in your fevered ramblings, Steele."

"Forsythe—the other's voice rang out warningly—'didn't I tell you that he played was to be forgotten unless—'"

"All right; have your way," grudgingly.

"A titled scoundrel! There was only one person of rank on the Lord Nelson besides myself, and— Forsythe—the old nobleman's voice called out sharply—"you have said too much or too little."

John Steele made a gesture. "I have given my word not to—"

"But I haven't!" said Captain Forsythe. "The confession I procured and what I subsequently learned led me directly to— Here is the tale, Sir Charles."

It was over at last. They were gone, Sir Charles and Captain Forsythe. Their hand clasps still lingered in his. For a few moments now John Steele remained motionless, listening to their departing footsteps, then turned and gazed around him.

Never had his rooms appeared more cheerless, more barren, more empty. No; not empty. They were filled with memories. The man squared his shoulders and looked out again from the window toward that small bit of the river he could just discern. Once he had gazed at it when its song seemed to be of the green banks and flowers it had passed by, but that had been on a fairer occasion—at the close of a joyous spring day. How it came back to him, the solemn court of justice, the beautiful face, an open doorway, with the sunshine golden without and a figure that, ere passing into it, had turned to look back! It was but for an instant, yet again his gaze seemed to leap to that lurking light, the passing gleam of her eyes, that had lingered—

That he saw now, or was it a dream: At the threshold near by some one looked out—some one as fair—fairer, if that could be—whose cheeks were the tint of the wild rose cheeks were the tint of the wild rose.

"Pardon me. I came up to see if my uncle—"

He stared at her.

"You!"

"Yes." She raised a small, gloved hand and swept back a disordered tress.

"Your—your uncle has just gone," he said.

"I know."

"You do?"

"I was in the library when they went out. I had come up to see— I was with my uncle in the cab and wondered why he—"

She stopped. He took a quick step toward her. "You were in there, that room, when—"

"Yes," she said and threw back her head as if to contradict a sudden mistiness that seemed suddenly sweeping over her gaze. "Why did you not tell me—you did not—that you were innocent?"

"You were in there?" He did not seem to catch her words. "Heard—heard—"

A moment they stood looking at each other. Suddenly she reached out her hands to him. With a quick exclamation he caught and held them.

But in a moment he let them fall. What had he been about to say, to do, with the fair face, the golden head, so near? He stepped back quickly. Madness!

first to speak. Her voice was fit the least uncertain.

"Tomorrow"—without looking at her—"to America."

"It is very large," irrelevantly. "I remember—of course, you are an American. I—I have hardly realized it. We—we Australians are not so unlike you. But your friends here?" Her lips half veiled a tremulous little smile.

"My friends?" Something flashed in his voice—went, leaving him very quiet. "I am afraid I have not made many while in London." Her eyes lifted slightly, fell. "Call it the homing instinct," he went on with a laugh. "The desire once more to become part and parcel of one's native land, to become a factor, however small, in its activities."

"I don't think you will be—a small factor," said the girl in a low tone. She stole a glance at his face. He was looking down. The silence lengthened. He waited. She seemed to find nothing else to say. He, too, did not speak. She found herself walking toward the door.

"Goodby." He spoke in a low voice. "As I told Captain Forsythe, you—you need not feel concern about the story ever coming out."

"Concern? What do you mean?"

"Your telegram to Captain Forsythe, the fear that brought you to London—"

"The—you thought that?" swiftly.

"What else?"

The indignation in her eyes met the surprise in his.

"Thank you," she said—"thank you for that estimate of me!"

"Miss Wray?" Contrition, doubt, amazement, mingled in his tone.

"Goodby," she said coldly.

And suddenly, as one sees through rifts in the clouds the clear light, he understood.

"You will go with me? You?"

"Why, as for that?"

"And if I did you who misinterpret motives would think—"

"What?"

"That I came here to—"

"I should like to think that."

"Well, I came," said the girl, "I don't know why. Unless the boy who was taking down the signs had something to do with it."

"The?"

"He said to go 'straight up,' she laughed.

He laughed, too; all the world seemed laughing. He hardly knew what he said, how she answered, only that she was there, slender, beautiful as the springtime full of flowers; that a miracle had happened, was happening. The motley bird in the sky had become a spot of brightness; sunshine filled the room; in a cage above a tiny feathered creature began to chirp.

"And Sir Charles? Lady Wray?" He spoke quietly, but with wild pulsing of temples, exultant fierce throbbing of heart. He held her from all the world.

"They?" She was silent a moment, then looked up with a touch of her old bright imperiousness. "My uncle loves me, has never denied me anything, and he will not in this—that is, if I tell him—"

"What?"

Did her lips answer or was it only in her willful, smiling eyes that he read what he sought?

"Jocelyn!"

Above the little bird, with a red spot on its breast, bent its head and eyes on them, but neither saw, noticed. Besides, it was only a successor to the bird that had once been hers, that had down like a flashing jewel from her soul to his in that place, sea washed, remote from the world.

THE END.

Those Pies of Boyhood.

How delicious were the pies of boyhood. No pies now ever taste so good, what's changed? The pies? No, its you. You've lost the strong, healthy stomach, the vigorous liver, the active kidneys, the regular bowels of boyhood. Your digestion is poor and you blame the food. What's needed? A complete toning up by Electric Bitters of all organs of digestion—Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels—Try them. They'll restore your boyhood appetite and appreciation of food and fairly saturate your body with new health, strength and vigor. 50c at Flint Bros. and F. G. Landry's.

CONCORD.

Death of Mrs. Annie Streeter Moore—Was Native of This Town.

News was received here Friday evening of the death of Mrs. Annie Moore, at her home in Boston. Mrs. Moore has been in poor health for several years and while about her work as usual the Monday preceding her death, was taken suddenly ill and the end came Friday afternoon.

Annie Streeter was born in Concord September 13, 1870, daughter of Charles and Mary Ellis Streeter. With the exception of the past four years, when she has lived in Boston, most of her life was spent in this town. She was married to Thomas Moore in November, 1888. Two children were born to them, a son who died in infancy, and Julia May, who survives her mother. Besides the daughter left to mourn her loss, she is survived by her aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Streeter, a sister, Mrs. D. W. Williams, and a brother, Arthur Streeter of St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Fowler, with whom Mrs. Moore has spent the past few months, accompanied Miss Julia Moore here with the remains. She was laid to rest among a profusion of flowers in the family lot in the Graves cemetery. The burial services were conducted by Rev. I. P. Chase, pastor of the Methodist church. Those called here from away to attend were, Miss Julia Moore and Mrs. Fowler of Boston, Mrs. Sue Howard of St. Johnsbury, Mrs. Lois Moulton of East St. Johnsbury, Mrs. Nellie Sunbury of Waterford and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Warren of Kirby.

Mrs. Martha J. Cobleigh of St. Johnsbury is spending some time with Mrs. W. F. Reed.

Mrs. Emma J. West, Mrs. W. C. Harvey and Miss Ada Harvey were in town, N. H., Friday evening.

Mrs. Guy Howard and daughter, Marion, and Mrs. C. F. Cutting, were in St. Johnsbury Thursday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Caswell.

Mrs. Sarah Hovey and Mrs. Cora Bailey visited at Nathaniel Reed's in Waterford, Friday.

Concord Grange will observe its annual Children's night Friday evening.

Mrs. Edith Brooks was called to St. Johnsbury Thursday by the death of her sister, Mrs. Flora Frye Buckminster.

Mrs. Lyman Holton went Thursday to Boston to spend a month with relatives at Cape Cod.

Albert Owens, who has been very ill, is more comfortable. Her sister, Mrs. William Crofton of St. Johnsbury, was called here by her illness.

The Young Peoples' Christian union of the Universalist church will serve ice cream and cake in the vestry Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Harley Weeks of Brownington is visiting at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Johnson.

Alma Reed of St. Johnsbury is visiting her aunt, Mrs. G. B. French, in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Spaulding were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cassius McGregor Sunday.

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Try This 'RICHMOND' Suds-Maker Free

You simply turn the faucet and the 'RICHMOND' Suds-Maker delivers thick, hot suds. It does not in any way interfere with the hot water faucet and can be easily attached to it. It gives you instead, two faucets—one for clean, hot water—the other for thick, hot suds.

Think of the dozens of ways this ingenious device will cut down the work in the kitchen! Learn what it means to save hundreds of steps every day—to always have thick, creamy soap suds on tap. The 'Richmond' Suds-Maker gives you any quantity of soap and water thoroughly mixed in scientific proportion—it is always ready to meet your instant needs. It puts an end to the drudgery of dish washing—simply place dishes, silver, glassware under its creamy suds for an instant, then just rise and wipe. It puts an instant, automatic end to waste, to unrightly soap dishes, to the nuisance of using up the odds and ends of soap. Use any kind of soap.

Just call on the plumber whose name appears below and ask to see the 'RICHMOND' Suds-Maker. He will let you take one home to try. Use it ten days—then if you think you can spare it, return it, for the trial places you under no obligation to buy. This is your chance to learn about the greatest convenience, money and time saver you can install in your kitchen. Call today.

C. H. GOSS & CO., 68 Main St., St. Johnsbury.

At Danville.

The W. C. T. U. Meeting—Doings of Town and Personal Interest.

The W. C. T. U. held its last meeting with Mrs. Etta McCormick. The devotional meeting was conducted by Mrs. Nellie Sturdevant. Roll call and business meeting followed. The subject of the meeting was "Our Country and Patriotism," with a program in charge of Mrs. Mary Gillis. Mrs. Bovee read a paper on "Patriotism," Mrs. Sturdevant "A Fourth of July without Fire Crackers," Mrs. Cassie Fellows "Let Us Not Kill our Children in the Name of Patriotism," Mrs. Anna Hatch "How about Your Fourth?" Mrs. McCormick, "The Spirit of the Fourth."

Mrs. Gillis gave a very interesting talk on the subject of a more rational manner of celebrating the Fourth giving statistics in regard to the casualties of a year ago. Then followed an animated discussion of ways and means of making a really safe and patriotic celebration of our independence day and a practical application next year. The next meeting will be Aug. 5th with Mrs. Anna Hatch.

Miss Lettie Gillis returned Monday after several weeks visit with relatives in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

Mrs. H. B. McDonald has gone to Minneapolis where she will visit her nephew.

Mrs. Violetta Fisher of Washington, D. C., is visiting her brother, Stephen D. Morse.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cass have been spending the past week with relatives in Craftsburg.

A bear was seen on Sunday on the North Danville road by E. M. Hunt.

Mrs. Charles Ingalls entertained the members of her Sunday school class and the teacher, Mrs. J. D. Sturdevant Saturday afternoon from two to five o'clock.

Mr. Aldrich who has occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church the past two Sundays will supply again next Sunday morning.

The Grange will hold their regular meeting Tuesday evening July 26. The third and fourth degrees will be conferred and the work will be followed by a banquet.

Calvin Morrill is making extensive repairs on the house and barn recently purchased of Mrs. Charles Wilson.

Miss Kate Currier arrived in New York Monday on the steamer Chicago from her trip to Belgium, Holland and France. She will spend the remainder of the summer at her home here.

James Parker of Waterford is visiting at George W. Crane's.

Mrs. H. L. Pache is spending two weeks with relatives in Burlington.

Mrs. Ella O. Page has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. John Hibbs, in Newbury, Mass.

Miss Alice B. Thomas of Caribou, Me., is visiting Mrs. A. C. McLean.

Mrs. Clyde Collins and three children of North Andover, Mass., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Burdick.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wells and daughter of Barre were at C. S. Dole's over Sunday, coming in their automobile.

Mrs. Charles Bailey of Albany, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Abial Fisher.

D. P. Coveny attended the State Democratic convention at St. Albans last week.

Mrs. Harry Blodgett of St. Johnsbury was the guest of Mrs. Roy Carter, Monday.

Mrs. Fred Myers and daughter of New York are visiting her sister, Mrs. A. B. Enright.

Mrs. Morgan Richards and grandson, Alfred Aiken, of New York, are visiting at Mrs. Lavina Ward's.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Lentine and niece and Mrs. William French of Boston are guests at Mrs. A. L. Ingalls.

Mr. and